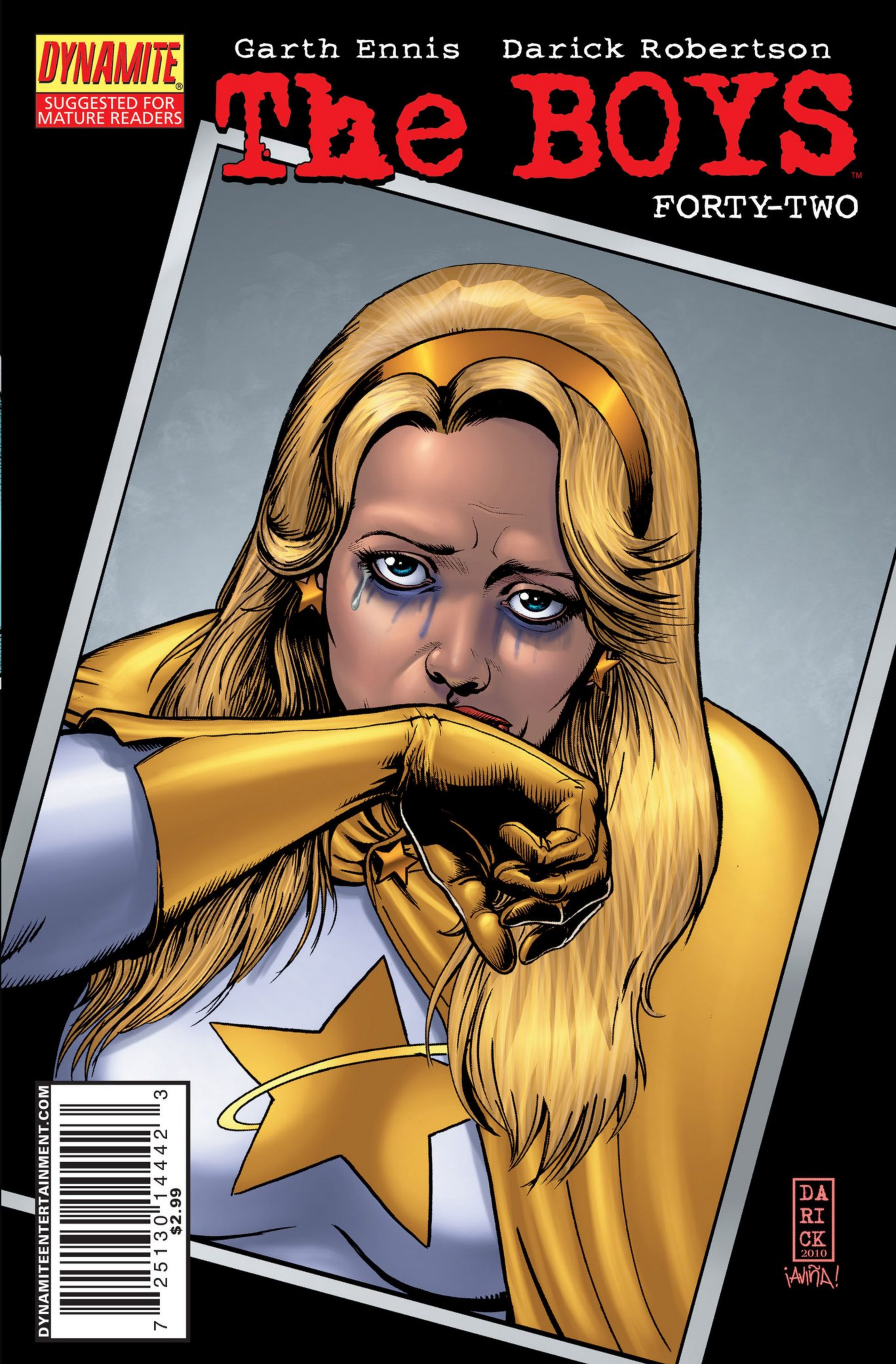
DYNAMITE®

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FORTY-TWO



DARICK 2010 ¡AVIÑA!

DYNAMITEENTERTAINMENT.COM

7 25130 14442 3

$2.99

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FORTY-TWO

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON
and
RICHARD P. CLARK

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON
and
TONY AVIÑA

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
COMICS
888-COMIC-BOOK
comicshoplocator.com

THE BOYS, VOLUME 1 #42. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078. Copyright © 2010 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. DDynamite, Dynamite Entertainment & The Dynamite Entertainment logo ® 2010 DFI. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com

Printed in Canada.

HHHH.

SHIT AIN'T GONNA GET NO SMARTER.

YEAH...?

IT'S ME.

HEY, BIG FELLA...!

YEAH, HOW YOU DOIN'. HE'S GOT ME FOLLOWIN' UP ON THIS THING WITH HUGHIE, WANTED TO SEE IF YOU HAD ANY NEW IDEAS.

HE TOLD YOU...?

UH-HUH. GOT ME FUCKED, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WHAT DID HE TELL YOU...?

HE SAYS ALL OF IT, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THAT SHIT GOES. 'COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY AFTER HE SENT HUGHIE TO CHECK OUT MALCHEMICAL AN' GODDAMN SUPERDUPER...

HUH.

ONE WAY TO TEST A THEORY, I GUESS...

BEST HE COULD COME UP WITH. SHIT, I DIDN'T HAVE NO BETTER IDEAS.

WELL...THING I KEEP GOIN' BACK TO IS THE G-MEN. OKAY, SOMEONE FIGURES OUT THE KID'S A PLANT--IF IT'S GODOLKIN, AN' HE GIVES THE KILL-ORDER, THAT ADDS UP.

BUT ON THE MILLION-TO-ONE IT CAME FROM VOUGHT...

THEN THERE AIN'T NO FUCKIN' WAY HE'S ONE OF THEIRS.

'COURSE, HOW YOU FIND THAT SHIT OUT IS SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN, RIGHT?

AM I RIGHT?

HELLO, ARE YOU STILL--

YEAH.

ALL RIGHT, IT'S ME...YOU'RE PROBABLY NO' UP YET...

JUST STARTIN' DAY TWO O' THE SURVEILLANCE ON SUPERDUPER, VERY MUCH HOPIN' IT'LL BE THE LAST...

NOTHIN' NEW SINCE THE MESSAGE I LEFT LAST NIGHT. I HONESTLY DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH TO THESE GUYS; I MEAN MALCHEMICAL'S A RIGHT PRICK, BUT THAT'S NOTHIN' WE'VE NO' SEEN BEFORE.

GONNA TRY AN' PUT THE BUGS IN THE HOUSE TODAY. AFTER THAT I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO COME HOME, I'M A WEE BIT WORRIED ABOUT GETTIN' COMPROMISED.

I MEAN NO PARTICULAR REASON, I JUST, I JUST THINK THE LESS I EXPOSE MYSELF THE BETTER. WELL, NO' SO MUCH EXPOSE MYSELF, I HAVEN'T DONE THAT. BUT THE LESS I'M AROUND HERE THE BETTER, KEN?

ALL RIGHT, THEN. I'LL GIVE YOU A WEE BELL LATER, LET YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.

UH... RIGHT THEN.

SEE YOU.

THE INNOCENTS

part three

OH DEAR! NNH! NNH! OH DEAR!
BOBBY!
OH, NO...!
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST ALMIGHTY, WHAT THE FUCK?!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I THOUGHT I'D GO OVER IT! NNNHH!!
BOBBY, ARE YOU OKAY...?
HAMISH?!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
UH-- I'M-- UH--
IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, HAMISH! YOU SAID YOU'D COME AND VISIT, BUT IT'S SO EARLY...!
OH, I'M SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR CAR, HAMISH--!
EH? OH, SHITE...
YOU'RE ALL COVERED IN COFFEE! LISTEN, COME INSIDE AND GET CLEANED UP, OKAY?
WHAT?
YEAH, WE CAN SHOW YOU THE DUPER H.Q.!
OUR NEW BUDDY--!
WHAT'S SHITE?

IBUPROFEN

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING OUTSIDE?

JUST THE BOYS PLAYING.

GO ON, SWEETIE.

Blood Gulch TAMPONS

Extra SUPER Absorbancy!

WELL, IT...IT'S JUST GETTING WORSE, AUNTIE SIS.

I MEAN EVERY MONTH THERE'S MORE, IT'S GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER ALL THE *TIME*...

THEY DID TELL YOU SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, DIDN'T THEY? AS YOUR POWERS DEVELOP?

POWERS? WHAT KIND OF POWER IS THIS, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE?

I MEAN WHAT HAPPENS, DO I JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL ONCE A MONTH I'M PRODUCING SOME KIND OF ***MENSTRUAL SAUSAGE***--?

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE--

SWEETIE, COME ON, NOW...

SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANY OF US ARE DOING-- SUPERDUPER, WHAT IS IT WE ACTUALLY ***CAN*** DO--?

SSHHH... SHH-SHH-SSHHH...

DID YOU FUCKING TELL--

DON'T YOU KNOCK?!

WHAT'RE YOU, ON THE FUCKING RAG? LOCK THE GODDAMN DOOR IF YOU--

I M-M-MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN TO--

OUT. RIGHT NOW. *OUT.*

LADYFOLD, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SWEETIE. IT'LL ALL BE OKAY IN THE END.

OH, OKAY...

MALCHEMICAL, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS PEOPLE'S PRIVACY--

SO GLAD WE AGREE. WAS IT YOU WHO RATTED ME OUT TO VOUGHT?

OF COURSE IT WAS YOU, I DOUBT IF THE REST OF THESE MONGOLOIDS KNOW HOW TO USE A PHONE...

I CALLED VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND TOLD THEM YOU'D BEEN RUDE AND ABUSIVE TO YOUR TEAM-MATES. I SAID WE DIDN'T WANT YOU IN SUPERDUPER AT ALL.

OH, YOU SPITEFUL BITCH, WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO THAT FOR--?

BECAUSE IT'S TRUE.

YOU'RE HERE AS PUNISHMENT. OKAY, FINE. BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY IT AT THESE KIDS' EXPENSE, YOU CAN THINK AGAIN.

LISTEN, CUNTBAG: VOUGHT HAVE ASSIGNED SOME PENCIL-PUSHER TO WRITE A REPORT ON ME. THAT PRETTY MUCH PUTS ME ON FUCKING PROBATION.

ANYTHING-- ***ANYTHING*** THEY DON'T LIKE IN THAT REPORT, IT MOVES ME FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM EVER GETTING BACK INTO ***TEAM TITANIC...!***

WELL, YOU'D BETTER BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR, IF YOU'RE HOPING FOR A GOLD STAR FROM ME.

YOU CAN MAKE A START WITH THE BAD LANGUAGE.

THE ***WHAT...?***

WHAT FUCKING PLANET ARE YOU LIVING ON? YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'M ***MALCHEMICAL!***

YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK TO DO, I'M A GODDAMN SUPERHERO...!

FRANKLY, I'M AMAZED YOU'RE EVEN A BIPED.

DON'T TEST ME.

HEH.

I'M GROMFF REALLY GROMFF SORRY, HAMISH...

AW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOBBY. COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE.

HAVE YOU, UH, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE BLACK HOLE?

THEY'RE KEEPING HIM IN FOR OBSERVATION. THE DOCTORS SAY HE CAN COME HOME SOON.

HERE'S YOUR OOW...

STOOL SHADOW--!

JINGS!

NNNGGH...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HEN? THAT LOOKED AWFULLY SORE, D'YOU NO' WANT TO SIT DOWN?

HMH.

YOU'RE NICE.

WHO'S THIS LITTLE TOOL?

THIS IS *HAMISH,* MALCHEMICAL! HE'S THE GUY WE TOLD YOU ABOUT, HE SAVED THE BLACK HOLE'S LIFE!

HE'S OUR *NEW FRIEND!*

OH, YEAH...

MALCHEMICAL'S OUR TEAM LEADER, HAMISH!

OH AYE?

MM.

FUCKINGCUNT!!

...*SORRY...!*

KLANKER, DON'T WORRY ABOUT--

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA, THAT IS NEVER NOT GONNA BE FUNNY! HA HA HA HA!

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE, WILL YOU? IT'S NO' LIKE IT'S HIS FAULT!

HA HA HA...WHAT?

WHAT'D YOU SAY TO ME?

I SAID STOP BEIN' SUCH A PRICK.

YOU WANT TO TRY AN' MAKE ME, FUCK-DRIP?

OH, BIG MAN, AYE. PUSHIN' KIDS ABOUT AN' TREATIN' THEM LIKE SHITE.

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU, ANYWAY? WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT THIS BUNCH OF RETARDS?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PAL, I'M NOBODY SPECIAL. BUT YOU'RE ACTIN' LIKE A FUCKIN' WANKER HERE, AN' I'M NO' GONNA SIT STILL FOR IT--RIGHT?

REALLY...!

HAMISH?

OH, HELLO...

HI! OH, IT'S SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME AND VISIT! HOW ARE YOU?

UH, FINE, I'M...

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?

AYE, THAT'D BE GREAT.

YEAH, OLD HAMISH AND I WERE JUST GETTING ACQUAINTED!

SUPER DUPER

I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH THIS BODY, DICKHEAD. YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL FUCK YOU IN BOTH YOUR HOLES AT ONCE.

MAYBE I'LL MAKE A COUPLE OF NEW ONES, TOO.

SEE YOU LATER, EVERYONE!

'BYE, MALCHEMICAL!

SEE YOU LATER...

HE SEEMS MUCH... MUCH...

UM...

NICER? YES. I HAD A WORD.

HERE YOU ARE, HAMISH.

OH, THANKS...

LISTEN, THANK YOU AGAIN FOR WHAT YOU DID FOR THE BLACK HOLE YESTERDAY. IF YOU HADN'T BEEN THERE I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

WELL, I'M JUST GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP.

SO! AM I STILL GONNA GET THE BIG TOUR O' THE SUPERDUPER HEADQUARTERS, THEN?

YEAH!

YOU BET, HAMISH!

DUPER H.Q.! LET'S GO!

YAY!

BRILLIANT...

What I know?

JITTER BEAN

FREE WI-FI

I think I'd have to say it's a lot more than you do, Hughie. But that's not your fault, it's because I've kept so much from you.

I don't even know if it's a good idea to tell you everything. It might be absolutely terrible, and when you read what I have to say you'll see why. Everyone says it's bad to have secrets in a relationship, it's always better to get things out in the open, but I'm a little suspicious of that idea.

I wonder if it might be better just to be discrete.

Anyway.

You're not interested in what you call Supes, so you don't know I'm a superhuman. My name is Starlight. I can fly and I can generate bursts of intense bright light, someone once told me as much as one million candlepower.

I'm also a member of The Seven, the most powerful superteam on Earth. They're horrible people and I wish I'd never met any of them. I'm getting ready to quit.

The other thing you don't know

is what I did to join the team.

I don't know how to put it into words. I mean I do, it's obvious, what I mean is I don't know how to make myself type the words. Just thinking it is hard enough.

What I did was so disgusting and demeaning and unbelievable that I'm scared you

Save this message as a draft?

Don't Save | Cancel | Save

say it's a lot mor

Save a drat

Don't Save

MY GOD.

SODA... CHIPS...DIP...AND WHERE'S--

AUNTIE SIS, PLEASE CAN I TALK TO YOU?

SURE, BOBBY, WHAT'S UP?

IT'S... WELL...

AW, THIS MAKES LIFE A *LOT* EASIER...!

IT'S JUST I KEEP HAVING THIS **HORRIBLE DREAM**...

EH?

BOBBY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

I WAS WORRIED--

I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK I WAS *STUPID*...

NO...!

I KEEP DREAMING I'M ***EATING MYSELF***...I SORT OF OPEN UP MY TUMMY AND SCOOP EVERYTHING OUT, AND I'M STICKING IT INTO MY MOUTH AS FAST AS I CAN BUT THEN IT KEEPS COMING OUT THE HOLE IN MY TUMMY AGAIN...

AND IT GETS WORSE AND WORSE, I CAN'T STOP IT, IT MAKES ME SCARED TO GO TO SLEEP OR EVEN GET INTO BED!

AUNTIE SIS, I DON'T WANT TO BE SCARED...!

BOBBY, BOBBY, IT'S ONLY A BAD DREAM! EVERYONE HAS THEM!

EVEN--
YOU--?

EVEN ME, BOBBY. I GET SCARED TOO.

BUT WHAT WOULD YOU BE SCARED OF, AUNTIE SIS?

OH, THINGS...

BUT WHAT THINGS?

WELL...

OH, AUNTIE SIS, IT WOULD REALLY HELP ME IF I KNEW! THEN I WOULDN'T FEEL LIKE I WAS ALONE WITH THIS!

IT'S JUST THAT...

YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL--JUST A BABY, REALLY--I WENT TO LIVE WITH MY AUNT. BECAUSE MY MOM AND DAD HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT.

AND SHE WAS... AUNT MANDY...

"SHE WAS A VERY BIG LADY INDEED."

AND ONE DAY, I WAS CRAWLING AROUND IN THE BACK YARD...I LOVED TO PLAY ON THE GRASS, JUST FOR THE FEEL OF IT ON MY SKIN...AND AUNT MANDY WAS INDOORS, AND THE WIND--

IT WAS KIND OF A WINDY DAY. AND--A PAIR--

A PAIR OF AUNT MANDY'S UNDERPANTS GOT BLOWN OFF THE LINE, RIGHT WHEN I WAS, WAS UNDERNEATH...

"AND ALL I COULD SEE-- *COMING* FOR ME--"

"IT WAS AWFUL, BOBBY. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A MINUTE, BUT IT FELT LIKE I WAS UNDER THERE FOR HOURS.

"I MEAN AUNT MANDY RESCUED ME, AND IT WASN'T AS IF I WAS ACTUALLY HURT. I WAS JUST SO TERRIFIED, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE SMOTHERED TO *DEATH*..."

AND EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE...HAD DREAMS ABOUT THE GIANT UNDERPANTS, I GUESS.

THEY SCARE ME MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD.

I MEAN NOT EVERY NIGHT... BUT...

OH, AUNTIE SIS, I'M SO SORRY.

I DIDN'T KNOW.

WELL, NOW WE KNOW EACH OTHER'S SECRETS, BOBBY.

SHALL WE GO OUTSIDE AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

YEAH, THAT'D BE GREAT.

I'D LIKE THAT.

YEAH?

AH, THERE YOU ARE! DID YOU GET ALL THE MESSAGES I'VE BEEN LEAVIN'?

YEAH.

RIGHT, WELL THE BUGS'RE ALL IN NOW, SO THE JOB'S DONE. CAN I COME BACK?

NAH, NOT YET. GIVE IT ANOTHER DAY OR SO, JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

AW, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...!

WHAT WAS THAT YOU WAS SAYIN' BEFORE ABOUT GETTIN' COMPROMISED? D'YOU THINK THEY'VE RUMBLED YOU OR WHAT?

NO, IT'S NO' THAT--

GOOD, BECAUSE FROM WHAT I DO KNOW ABOUT THESE FUCKIN' NODDIES, YOU'D'VE HAD TO HAVE WALKED UP AN' SAID HELLO TO 'EM...

LOOK, I'M WASTIN' MY BLOODY TIME HERE. THERE'S NOTHIN' TO FIND OUT.

THE BIG SECRET ABOUT SUPERDUPER IS THAT THERE IS NO FUCKIN' SECRET. THEY'RE NO' LIKE OTHER SUPES, THEY DON'T GET UP TO ANY O' THE SHITE WE'VE SEEN BEFORE.

THEY ACTUALLY ARE-- THEY ***WOULD*** REALLY BE HEROES, EXCEPT THE POOR BASTARDS COULDN'T ORGANIZE A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY...

WHAT ABOUT MALCHEMICAL?

HE'S A WANKER. THAT'S HIS BIG SECRET, HE'S A FUCKIN' CUNT.

PLEASE LET US COME HOME...!

HUGHIE, LEMME TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN', MATE.

FRENCHIE AN' THE FEMALE TOOK THE DAY OFF AN' WENT TO SEE AVENUE Q. THE SUM TOTAL OF M.M.'S ACHIEVEMENTS IS HE'S JUST ORDERED US A CHINKY. I'M BORED OUTTA ME FUCKIN'--

FROM CHARLIE MOM'S?

AW, THE TANGERINE BEEF--!

SEE, THAT'S THE THING: IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW BORED YOU ARE, YOU'RE STILL IN NEW YORK. I'M STUCK HERE.

JUST GIVE IT ONE MORE DAY.

BUT--

YOU CAN COME BACK TOMORROW NIGHT.

...ALL RIGHT.

AYE.

SEE YOU.

HMH.

Voicemail
MISSED CALLS (7)
VOICEMAIL (4)
M.M.

OFF WE GO, MATE.

'COURSE, YOU KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS, DON'T YOU?

THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE HE CAN DO TO GIVE HIMSELF AWAY HERE. NOT UNLESS HE FUCKIN' *JOINS* SUPERDUPER.

SO THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE... TO BE ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE...WOULD BE IF HE GOT INTO A BARNEY WITH MALCHEMICAL.

'COS IF HE IS A PLANT, VOUGHT'LL'VE TOLD MALCHEMICAL TO WATCH OUT FOR HIM, THEY WON'T LET HIM TAKE HIS BLEEDIN' HEAD OFF...

SO D'YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A FIGHT, OR AM I GONNA HAVE TO START ONE?

STAY.

ONE O' THEM LIGHTERS, PLEASE, LUV.

YEAH, THE CHEAP ONES.

YEAH.

FAIRPLAY
MARKET
LIQUOR

GODDAMMIT.

WELL.

THIS SHIT AIN'T GONNA GET NO SMARTER EITHER.

next: BETTER LIVING THROUGH MALCHEMISTRY